For. Well send to *Falstaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs smile and laugh one month together.
Exit omnes.

Enter Host and Simple.

Ho. What would thou haue boore, what thick-skin?
Speake, breathe, discusse, short, quick, briefe, snap.

Sim. Sir, I am sent from my M. to sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*

Host. Sir *Iohn*, there's his Castle, his standing-bed,
his trundle-bed, his Chamber is painted about with
the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, goe knocke,
hee'l speake like an Antripophigian to thee:
Knocke I say.

Sim. Sir I should speake with an old woman that
went vp into his Chamber.

Host. An old woman, the Knight may be robbed, Ile
call bully Knight, bully sir *Iohn.* Speake from thy lungs
military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calles.

Fal. Now mine host. *he speakes aboue.*

Host. Here is a Bohemian tartar bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her descend
bully, let her descend, my chambers are honourable,
pah priuasie, fie.

Fal. Indeed mine Host there was a fat woman with
me, but she is gone.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Sim. Pray sir, was it not the wise woman of *Brain-*
ford?

Fal. Marry was it Mussels-hel, what would you?

Sim. Marry sir my Master *Slender* sent me to her,
To know whether one *Nym* that hath his chaine,
Cousened him of it, or no.

Fal.

Fal. I talked with the woman about it.

Sim. And I pray you sir what ses she?

Fal. Marry she ses the very same man
That beguiled Master *Slender* of his chaine,
Cousened him of it.

Sim. May I be bold to tell my Master so sir?

Fal. I Tike, who more bolde.

Sim. I thanke you sir, I shall make my master a glad
man at these tydings, God be with you sir. *Exit.*

Host. Thou art clarkly sir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly,
Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Marry was there mine host, one that taught
me more wit then I learned this seuen year, and I paid
nothing for it, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. O Lord sir, cousenage, plaine cousenage.

Host. Why man, where be my horses?
Where be the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horses:
After I came beyond Maiden-head,
They flung me in a slow of myre, and away they ran.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Where be my Host de gartir?

Host. O here sir in perplexity.

Doct. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But be-gar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Germane Duke come to de Court,
Has cosened all the Hosts of *Brainford*,
And *Redding*: be-gar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

Enter